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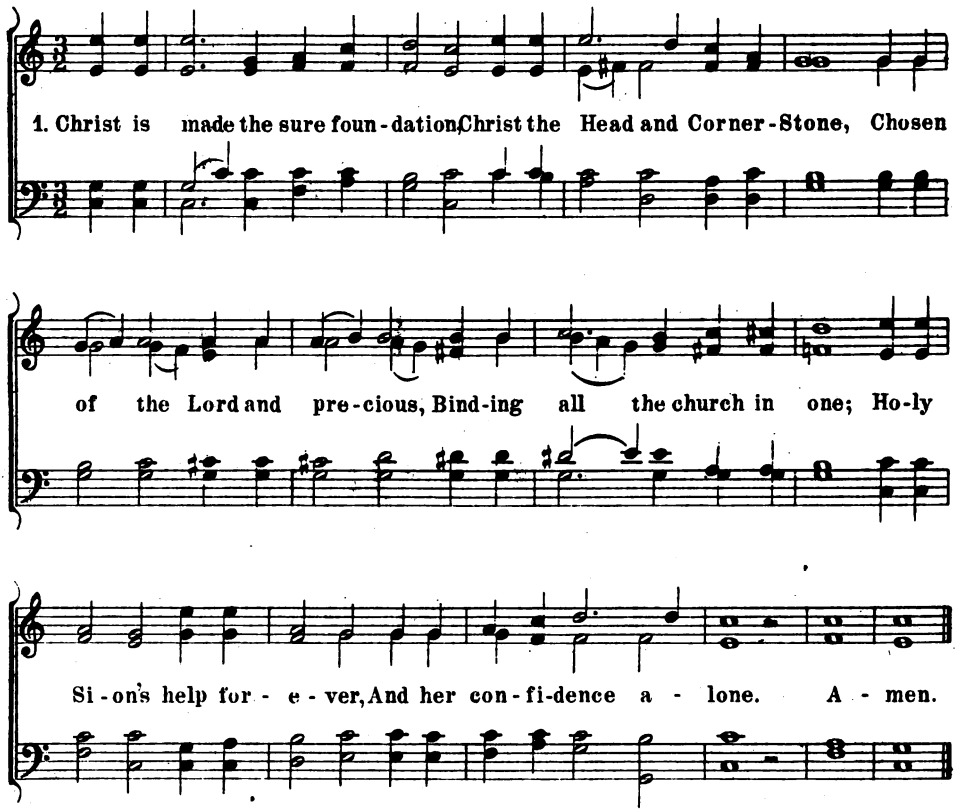
Christ is made the sure foundation



2. All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3. To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4. Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee, forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Fair Waved the Golden Corn

Processional for Thanksgiving Day

1. Fair waved the gold-en corn In Ca naan's pleasant land, — When,
full of joy, some shin-ing morn, Went forth the reap-er band. ——

2. To God so good and great, Their cheer-ful thanks they pour; —— Then
car-ry to His tem-ple-gate The choic-est of their store. A - men.

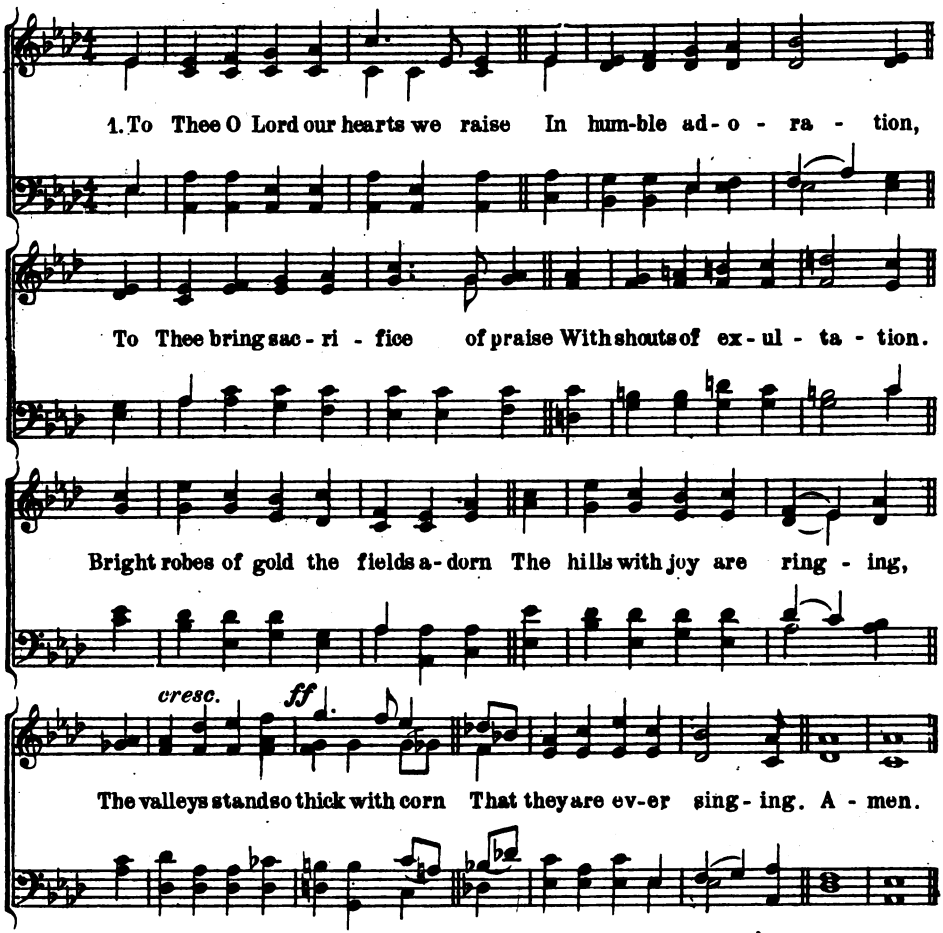
Fifth verse to be sung to last half of tune

3. Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

4. Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

5. In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

To Thee, O Lord, Our Hearts

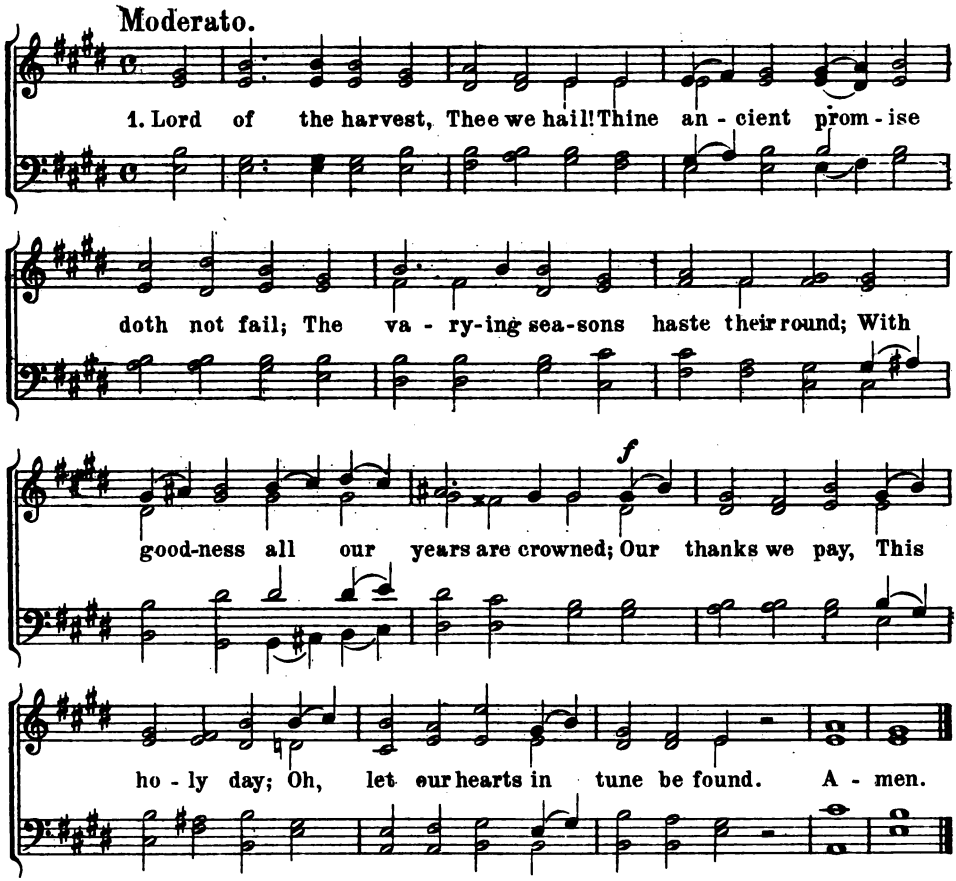


2. And now on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou Who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

3. We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary.
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

4. Oh, blessèd is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever;
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

Lord of the Harvest.



2.

When spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When summer warms the fruitful earth,
When autumn yields its ripened grain,
Or winter sweeps the naked plain,
We still do sing
To Thee our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

3.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Bestows new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

4.

Lord of the harvest, all is Thine:
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound:
New every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow

Slow

1. Through the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward goes the pil-grim band,
Sing-ing songs of ex - pect - ta - tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land.
Clear be - fore us through the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light:
Bro-ther clasps the hand of broth-er, Step - ping fear - less thru the night. A - men.

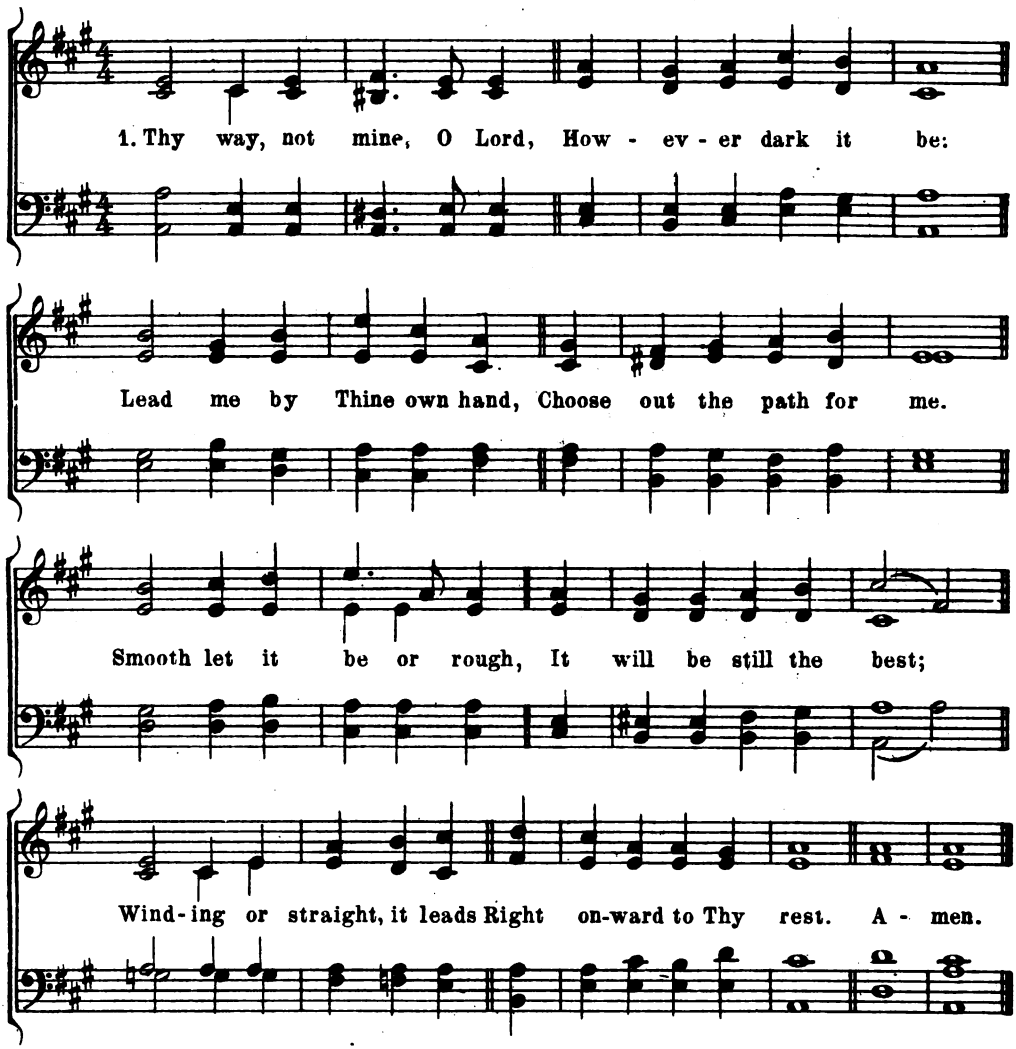
2. One, the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

3. One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4. Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers!
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom!

Note: Composed for Elijah Festival at St. James' Church, New York

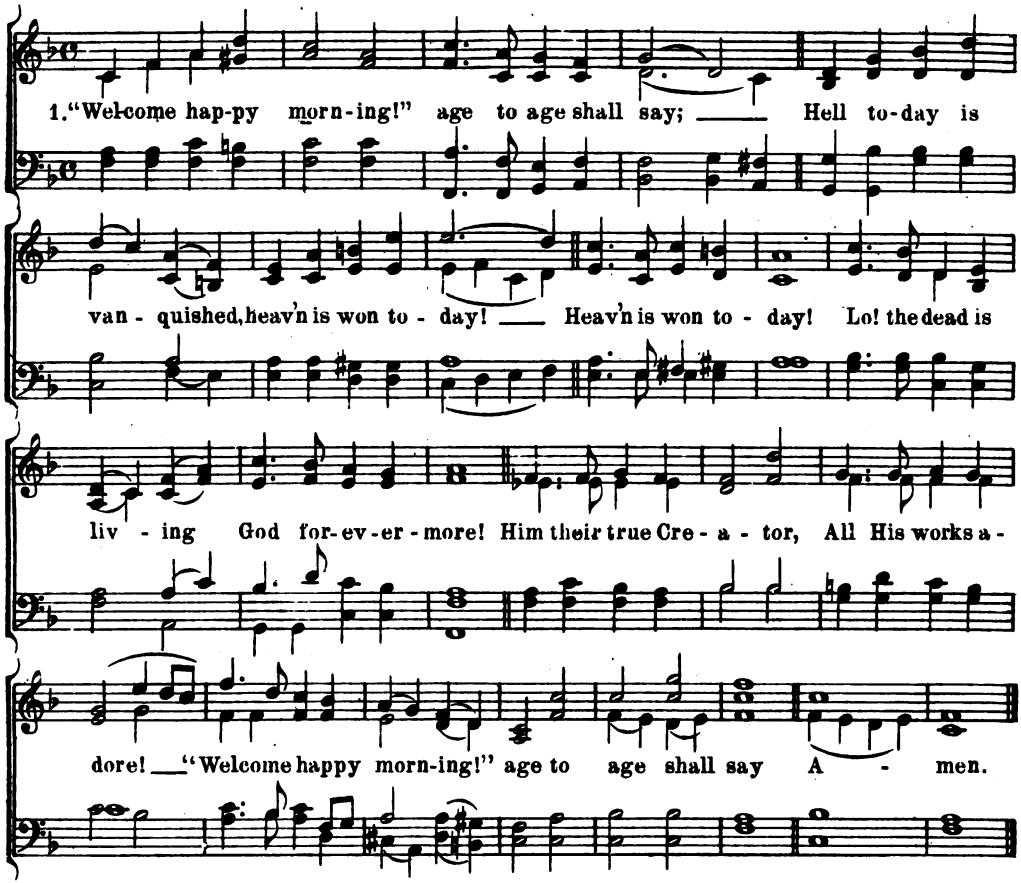
Thy way, not mine, O Lord



2. I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God:
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem·
Choose Thy my good and ill.

3. Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

Welcome happy Morning



2. Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

3. Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
"Welcom, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

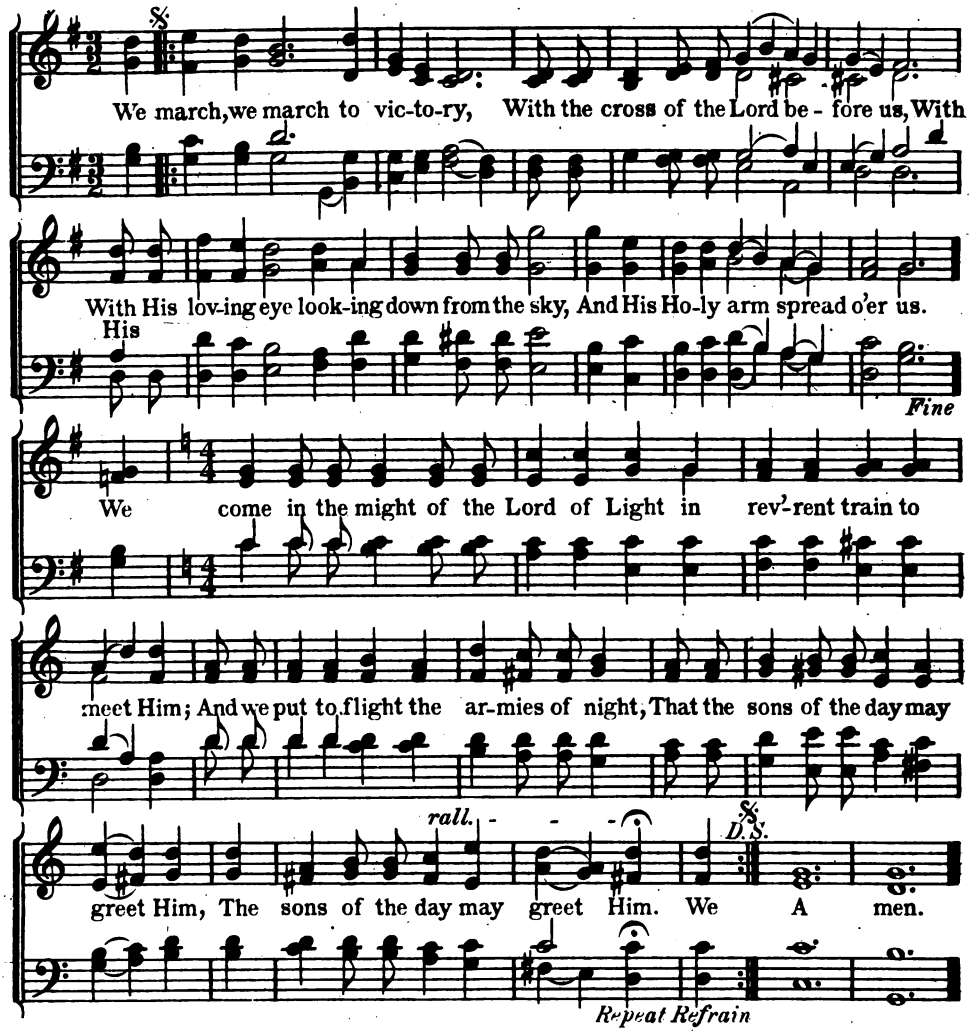
4. Maker and Redeemer, life and health to all.
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

5. Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word,
'Tis Thine own third morning! rise, O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

6. Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our day-light: day returns with Thee!
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

Processional

"We march, we march to victory"

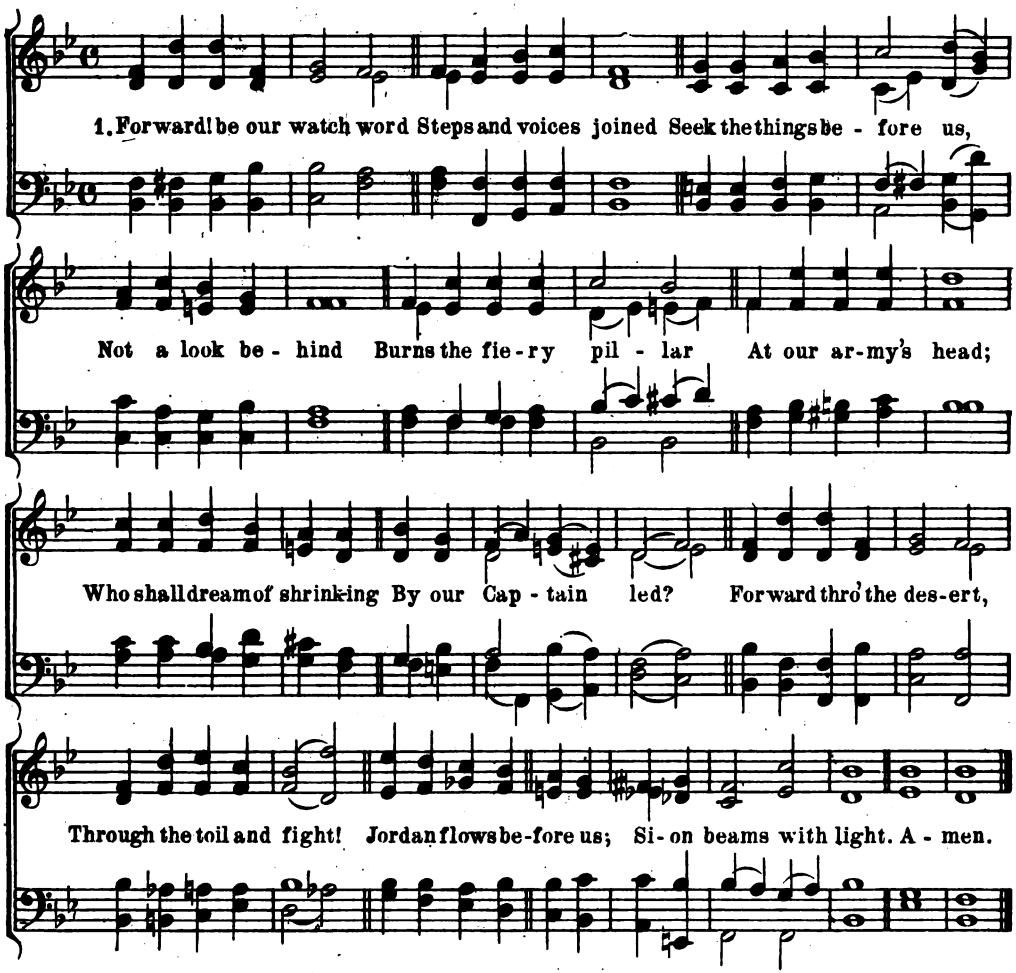


2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner, the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, etc.

Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, etc.

Forward! be our watchword



2. Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
Forward! marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

3. Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might!
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

4. To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of glory,
Blessed Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph!
Forward into light!

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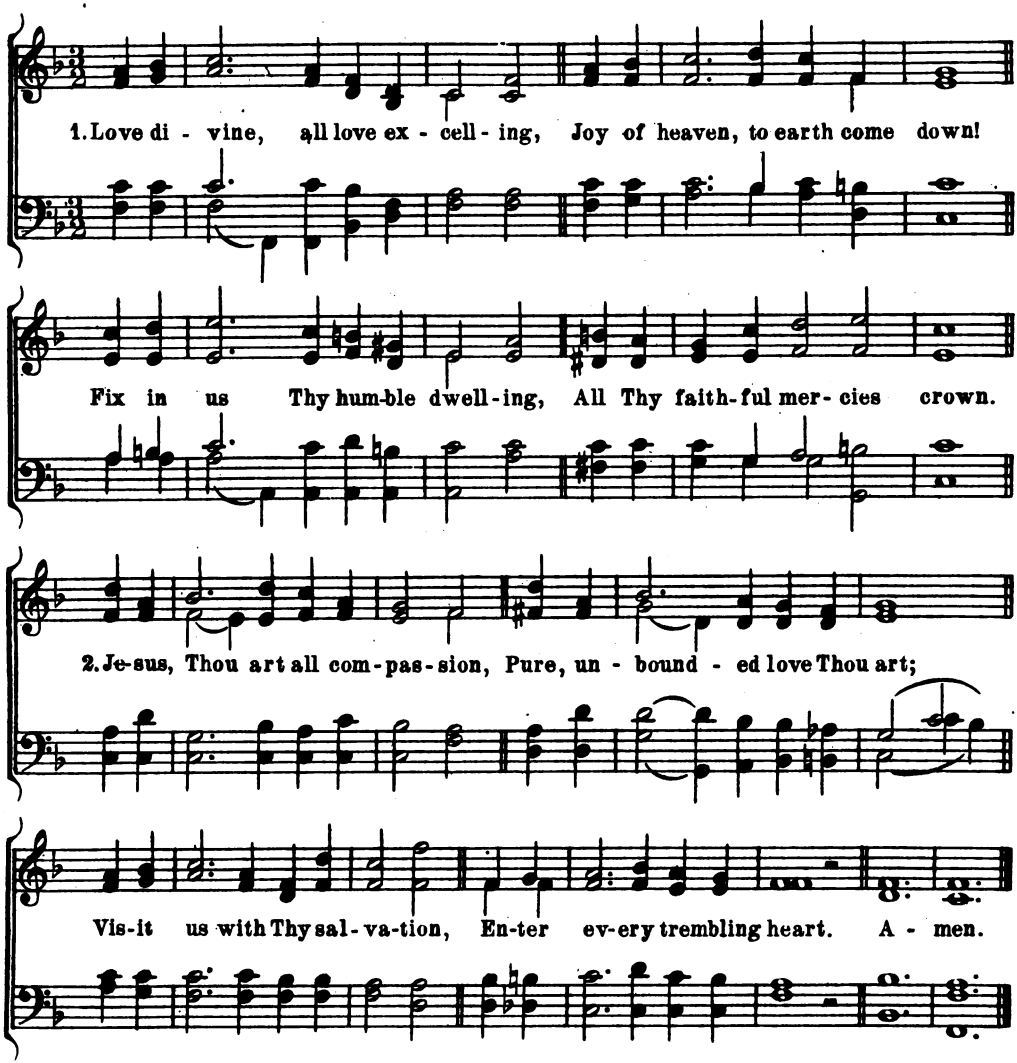
Love divine, all love excelling



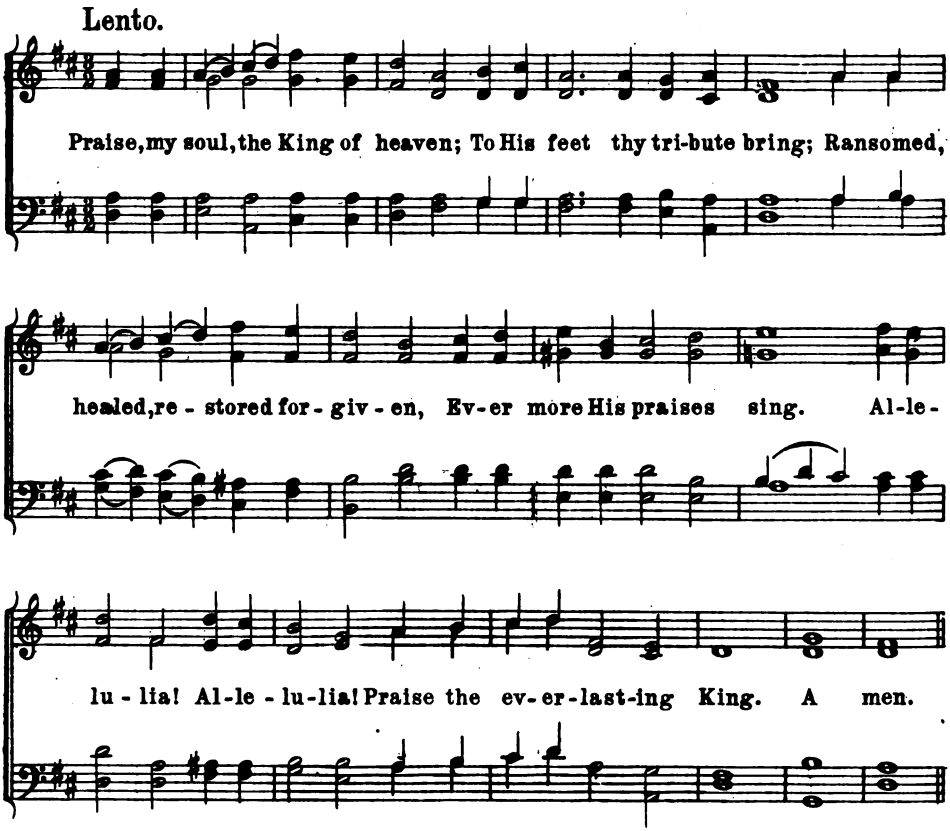
3. Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Come to us, dear Lord, and neve,
Never more Thy temples leave.

4. Thee we would be alway blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

5. Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured in Thee:

6. Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven.

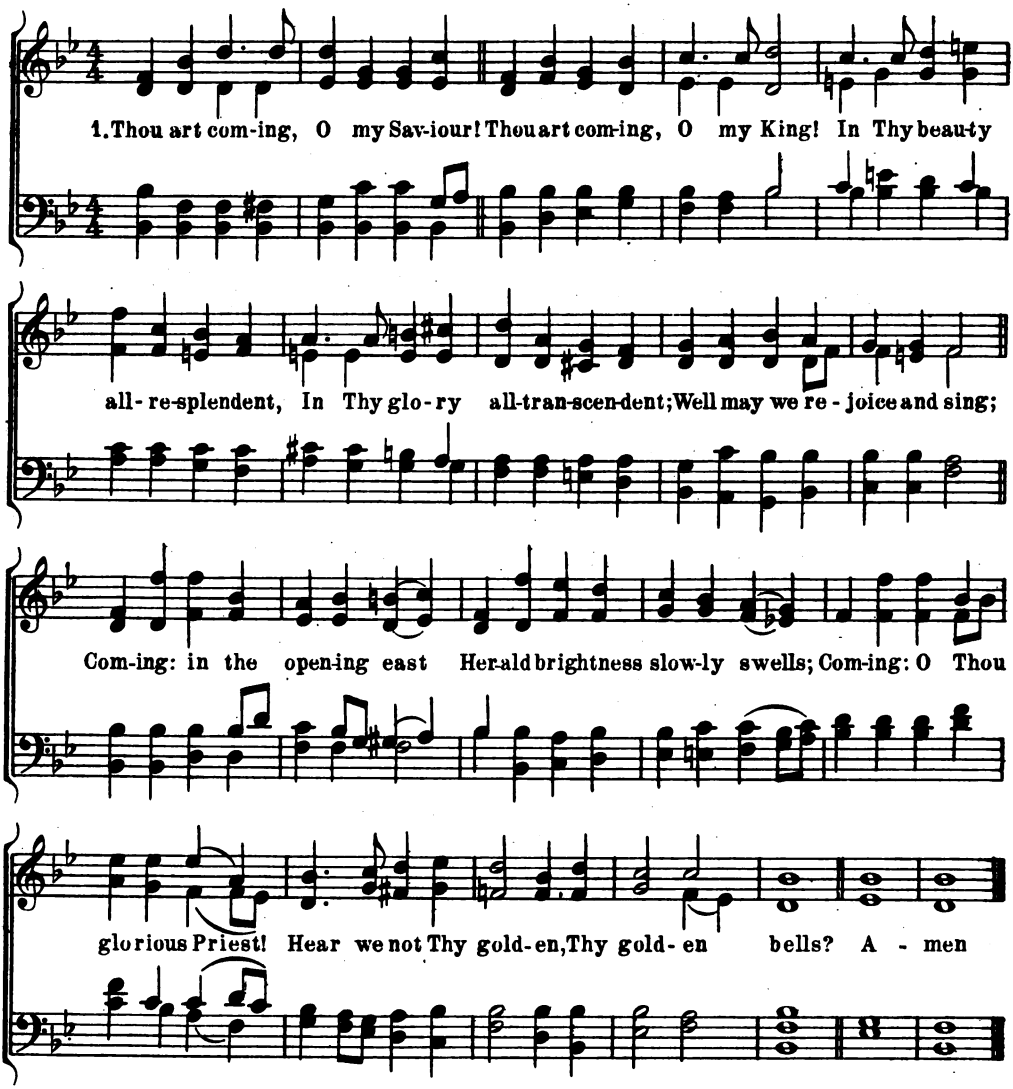


2. Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3. Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4. Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

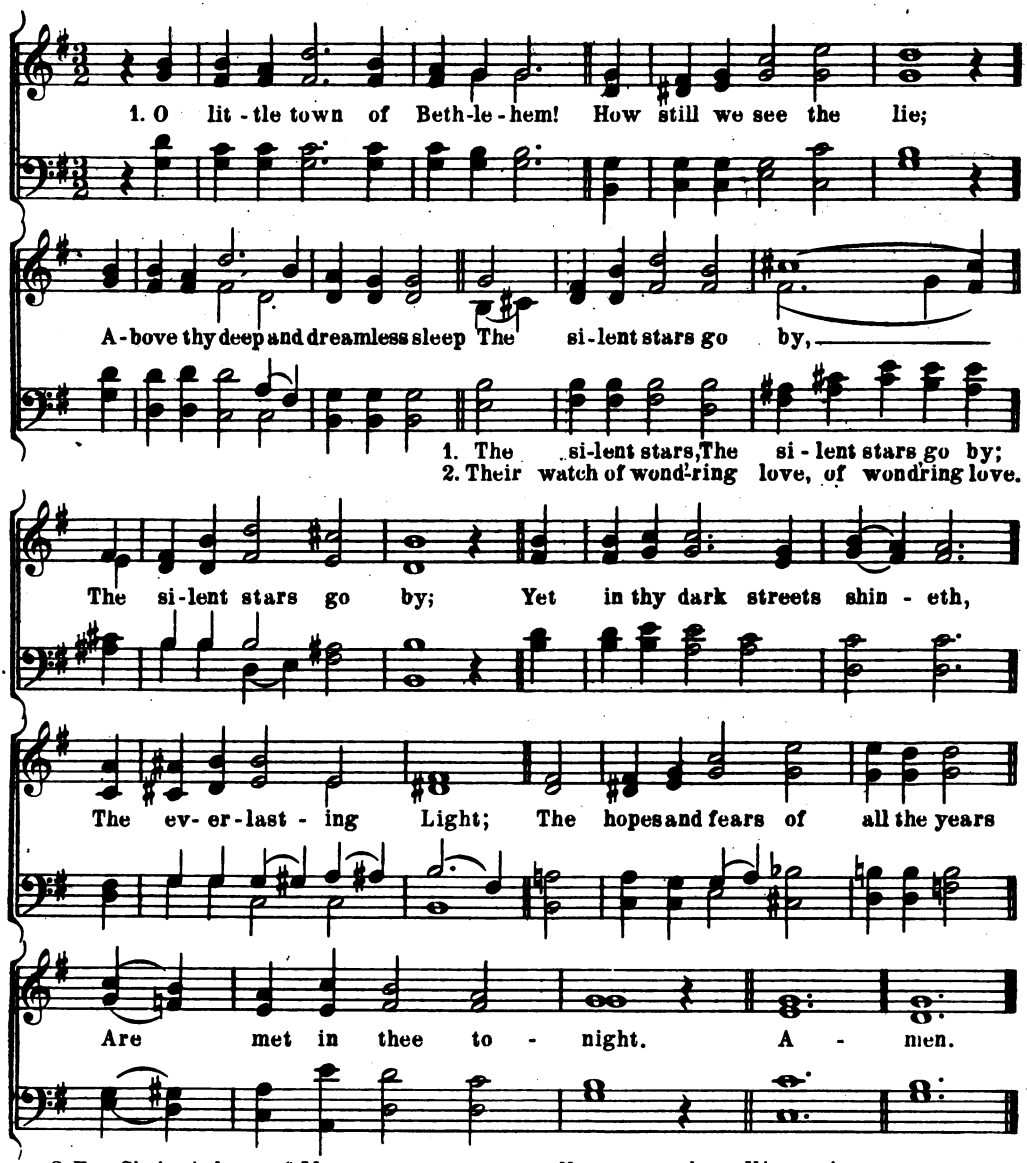
Thou art coming, O my Saviour!



2. Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way;
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say;
What an anthem that will be,
Music rapturously sweet,
Pouring out our love to Thee
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3. Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

O little town of Bethlehem!

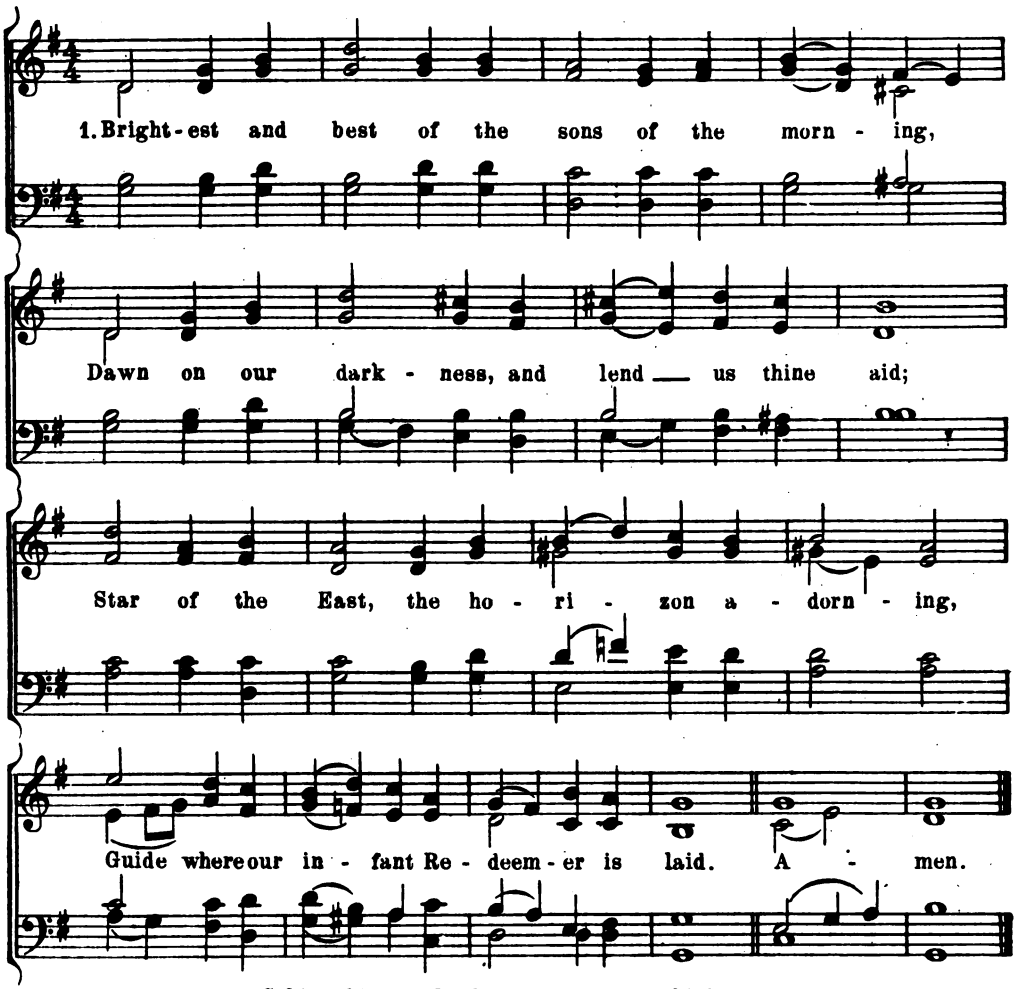


2. For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And Peace to men on earth.

3. How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still
The dear Christ enters in.

4. O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Brightest and Best



2. Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3. Shall we not yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

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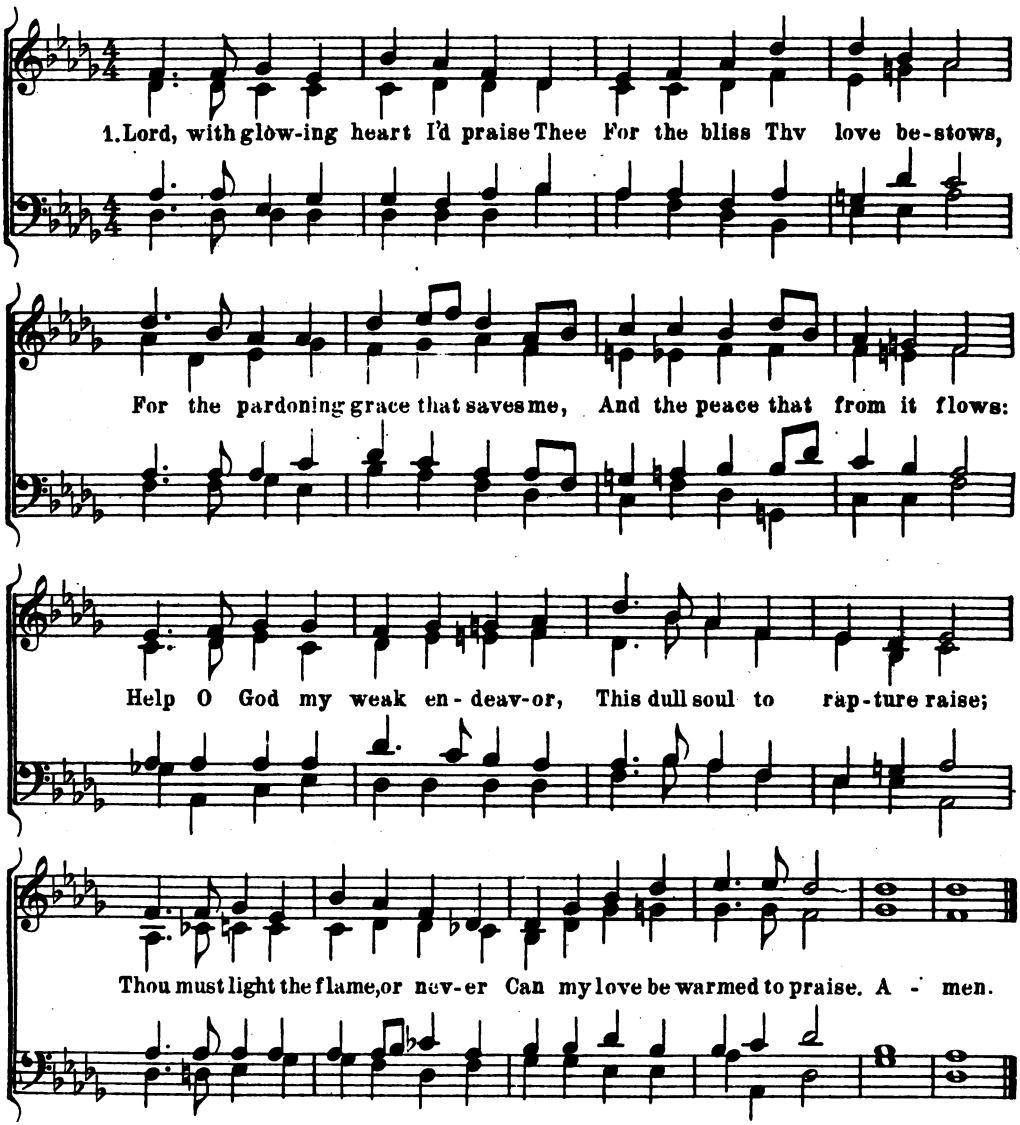
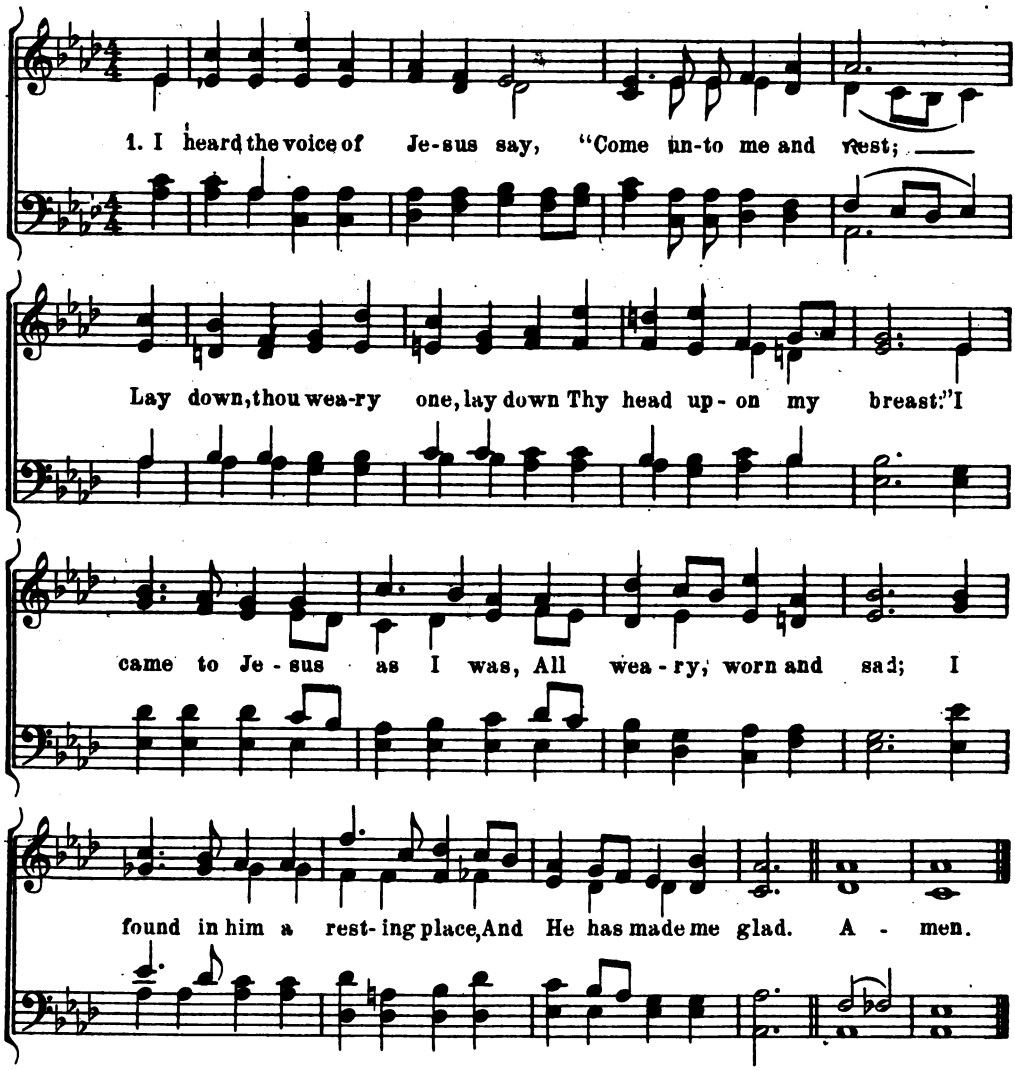
Lord with Glowing Heart



2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him, who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.

3. Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say



2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one;
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-given stream;
My thirst was puenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

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Sweet Saviour Bless Us Ere We Go

1. Sweet Sav-iour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in-to our minds in-stil; And
2. The day is gone, its hours have run, And thou hast tak-en count of all, The

make our luke warm hearts to glow With low-ly love and fer-vent will. Thro'
scan-ty tri-umphs grace hath won, The brok-en vow, the frequent fall. Thro'

life's long day and death's dark night, O gen-tle Je-sus be our light. A-men.
life's long day and death's dark night, O gen-tle Je-sus be our light. A-men.

3. Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
   True absolution and release;
   And bless us more than in past days,
   With purify and inward peace.
   Through life's long day and death's dark night,
   O gentle Jesus, be our light.

4. Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled;
   And care is light, for thou hast cared;
   Ah! never let our works be soiled
   With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
   Through life's long day and death's dark night,
   O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5. For all we love, the poor, the sad,
   The sinful, unto thee we call;
   O let thy mercy make us glad;
   Thou art are Jesus, and our all.
   Through life's long day and death's dark night,
   O gentle Jesus, be our light.

6. Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
   Through night and darkness near us be;
   Good angels watch about our home,
   And we are one day nearer thee.
   Through life's long day and death's dark night,
   O gentle Jesus, be our light.

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Jerusalem the Golden

1. Je - ru - sa-lem, the gol - den! With milk and ho-ney blest; Be-
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi-lant with song, And

neath thy con-tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I
bright with many an an - gels, And all the mar-tyr throng. The

know not, O I know not What joys a-wait us there; What
Prince is ev - er in ___ them, The day-light is se - rene; The

ra-dian-cy of glo-ry, What bliss be-yond com pare. A - men.
pas-tures of the bles-sed Are decked in glo-rious sheen.

3. There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4. O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And spirit, ever blest.

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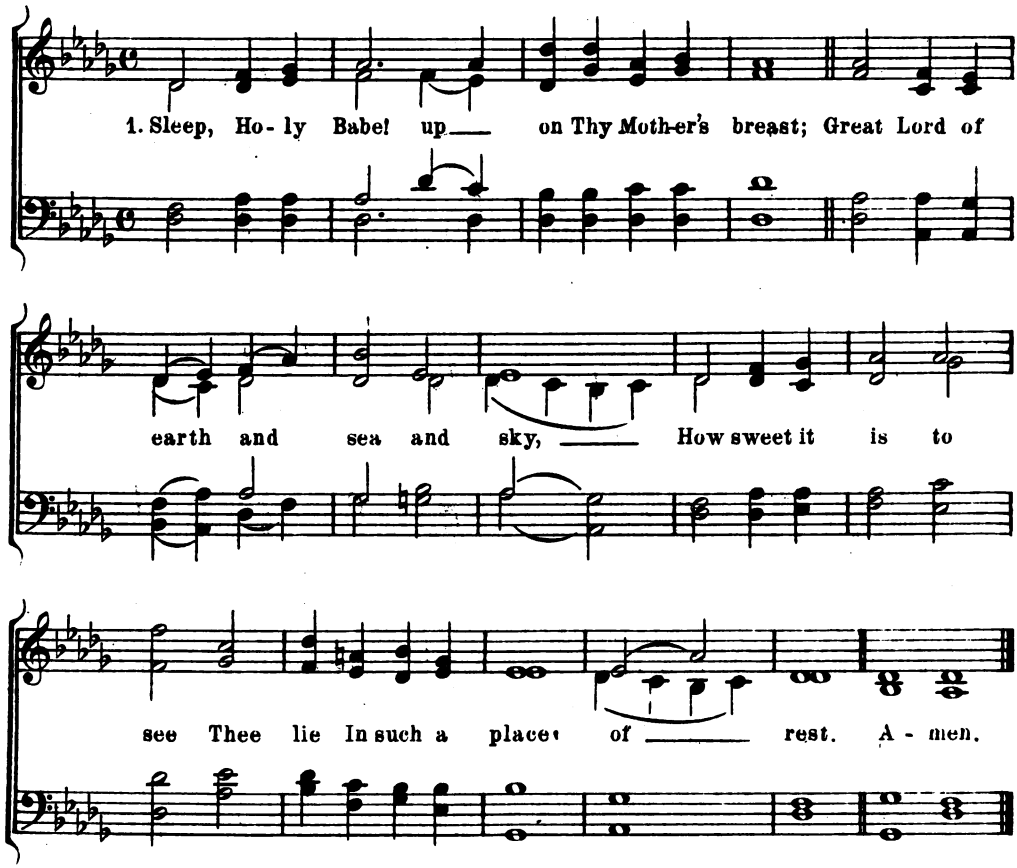
Sleep, Holy Babe



2. Sleep, Holy Babe!
Thine angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before th' Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

3. Sleep, Holy Babe!
While I with Mary gaze
With joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there divinely plays.

4. Sleep, Holy Babe!
Ah! take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That Death alone shall close.

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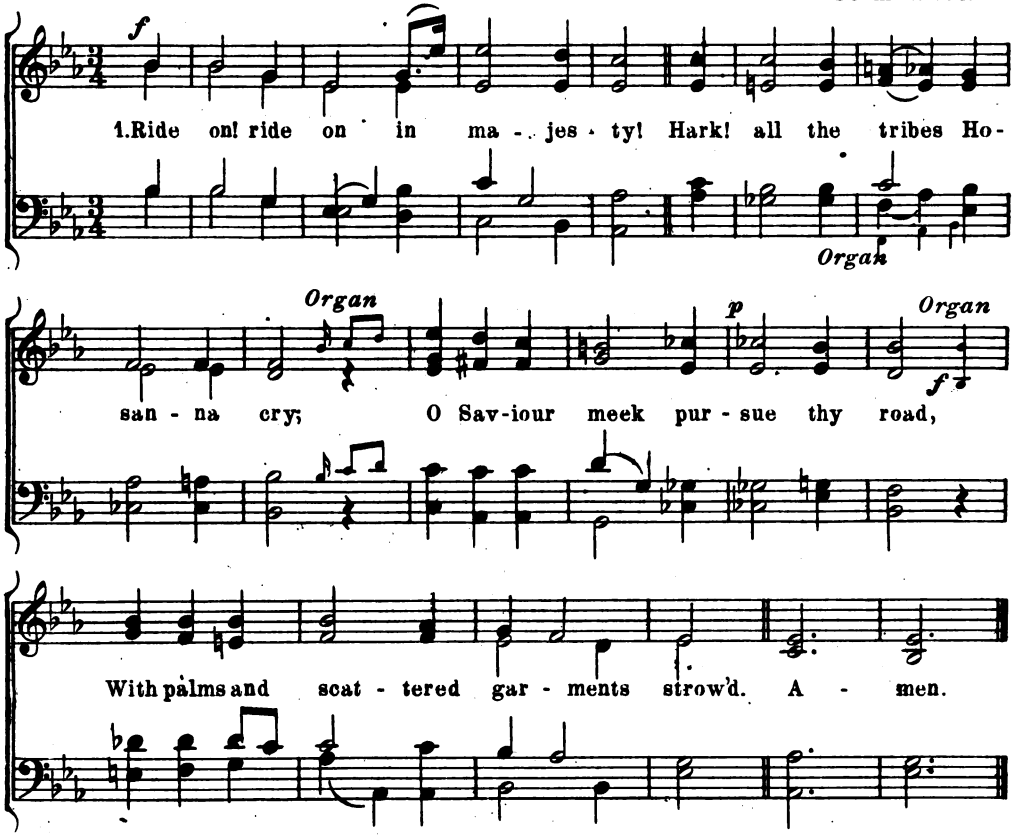
Ride On, Ride On In Majesty

From WAGNER



2. Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

3. Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4. Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son

5. Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

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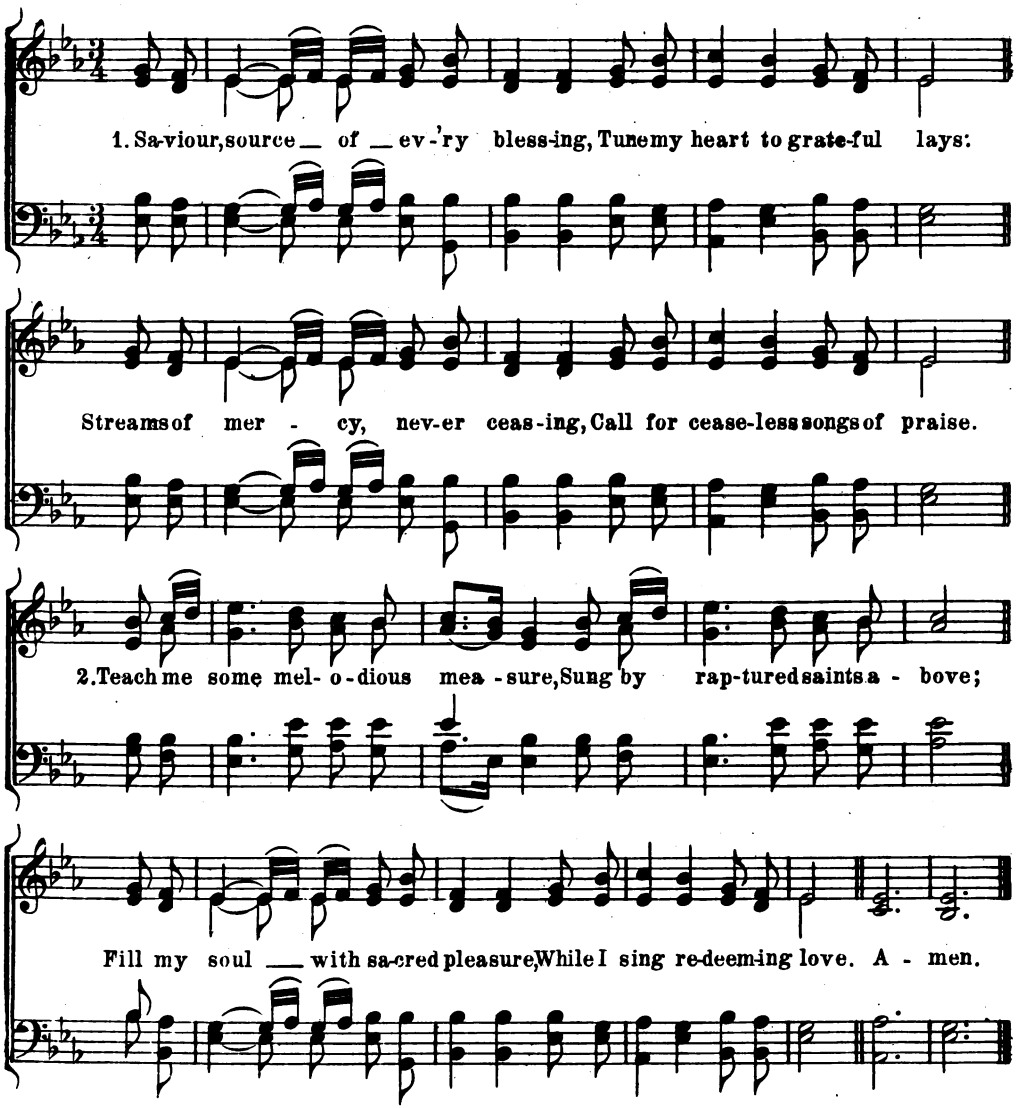
Saviour, source of every blessing



3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

He is Risen

In Unison

1. He is ri - sen, He is ri - sen: Tell it out with joy - ful voice.

He has burst His three days' pri - son; Let the whole wide earth re - joice.

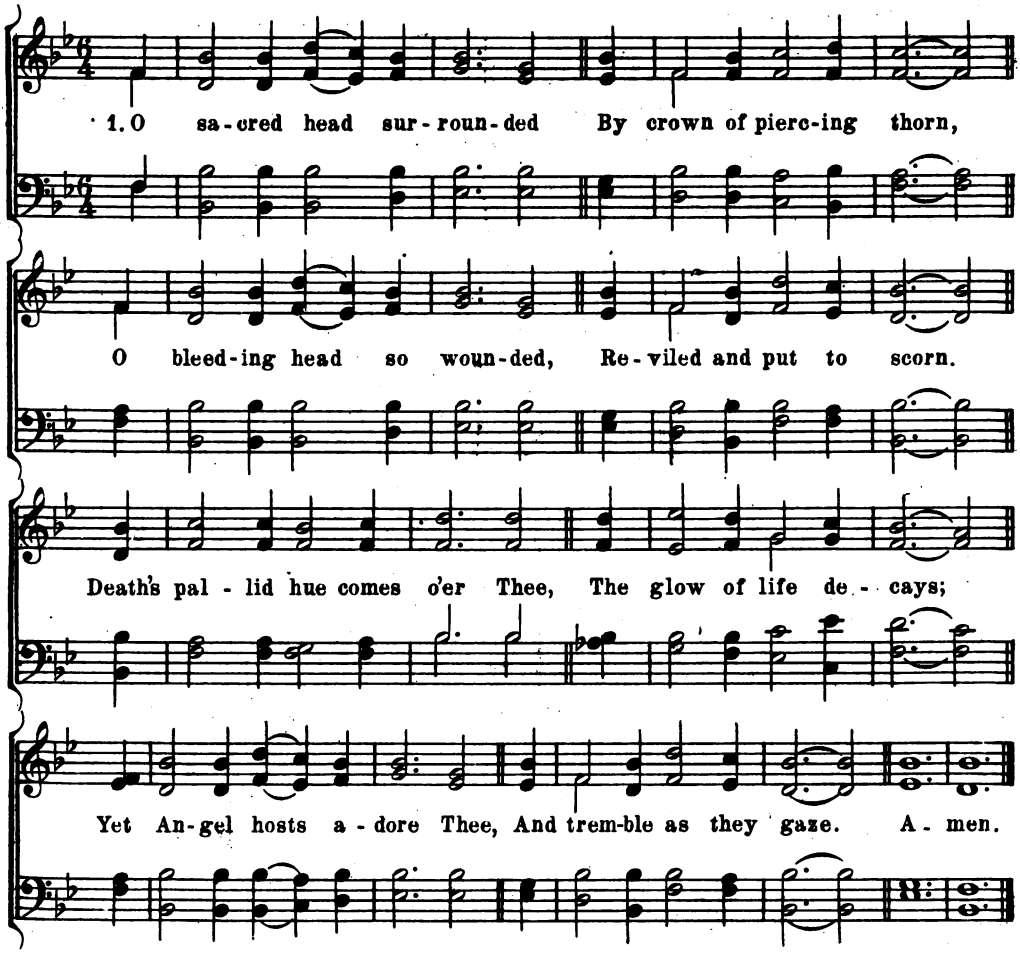
Death is con quered man is free Christ has won the vic - to - ry. A - men.

2. Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow:
Lent's long shadows have departed
All His woes are over now,
And the passion that He bore:
Sin and pain can vex no more.

3. Come, with high and holy hymning,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple East,
Symbol of our Easter feast.

4. He is risen, He is risen;
He hath opened heaven's gate:
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

O Sacred Head Surrounded



2. I see Thy strength and vigor,
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigor,
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
Oh, turn Thy face to me.

3. In this, Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy cross abiding
Forever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

4. Be near when I am dying;
Oh, show Thy cross to me:
And to my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

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